

THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1919

Reedy's
MIRROR

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Doing Britain's Dirty Work

Some thoughts on the real significance of the extradition
of the Hindu patriots, by the Editor

Reflections

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Freight

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What Mariquita Knew

A short story by Julian Clive

Made in America

A consideration of the American brand of art,
by Dorothy Dudley

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THE SECRET OF THE TOWER by Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.60.

This is Anthony Hope's first novel in five years—a romantic mystery laid in post-war England, pulsing with the same thrill and charm which gave the "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau" their wide popularity.

RUSSIA IN 1919 by Arthur Ransome. New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$1.50.

We have heard much of the evils of Bolshevism. Here is an authoritative account of Russia under the soviet government by one of the best known writers of England, an expert on Russian affairs. In this volume are incorporated personal interviews with Lenin and the heads of all the important departments of the present government; accounts of the meetings of soviets and committees; figures concerning schools, libraries, etc.; prices of food and commodities; facts about the conversion of private enterprises to community control; agriculture, transport, the army, the police, housing, trade unions and observations on the human aspects of the Russian scene. There are pen pictures of the leaders, reports of what the people read, a list of the plays and operas given in a single fortnight in Moscow, portrayals of the simple conditions that have be-

come inevitable, of the leveling of caste, of the permission required to buy a suit of clothes (if the purchaser possesses the fortune that such an investment demands), of the government manoeuvres to circumvent food profiteers, and a mass of other information.

FAR-AWAY STORIES by William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

Eleven short stories, all but one written before the war, expressing various moods, but all bearing the stamp of Locke's subtle elusive charm. The author's own estimate of their excellence is reflected in his desire not to have them go down to oblivion in the files of old magazines.

FROM FATHER TO SON by Mary S. Watts. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.75.

A high principled young man leaves college and friends to enter his father's law office. Then he finds that the large family fortune was founded by his grandfather in Civil War profiteering. What was he to do, for he felt that he was required to do something. He was peculiarly sensitive, and conditions in 1918 did not conduce to his mental comfort. What he did forms the pivot of a most interesting romance.

A SAMPLE CASE OF HUMOR by Strickland Gillilan. Chicago: Forbes & Co., \$1.25.

Humor dissected, analyzed, diagramed, illustrated. Each particular brand of humor is described in detail and an example given. The author says he hopes by this volume to increase the public's appreciation of humor by increasing its powers of observation of humor. The reason some people have so much less fun than others is because they don't see the fun going on all around them.

POEMS AND PROSE OF ERNEST DOWSON. New York: Boni & Liveright, 70c.

Dowson was best known in the nineties; these are the poems published in 1886, 1890, 1892 and 1893. The prose includes "The Diary of a Successful Man," "A Case of Conscience," "An Orchestral Violin," "Souvenirs of an Egoist" and "The Statute of Limitations." Although Dowson himself preferred his prose, Arthur Symons in his memoir prefacing this edition says that it is on poetry that his fame will eventually rest. No. 74 of the Modern Library.

RAMSEY MILHOLLAND by Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

The story of a boy and girl, friends in childhood, lovers in youth. The girl can always outtalk the boy, even in public debate in college, but the boy possesses the gift of making his silence expressive so that the argument is not so one-sided after all. Illustrated.

STUDIES IN THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA by Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$3.50.

Symons as critic and essayist is constantly increasing in popularity among discriminating American readers. Here are thirteen essays on Shakespeare and contemporary plays and playwrights done in Symons' scintillant style, originally contributed to various magazines but revised for book publication. They therefore represent some of his most mature and valuable critical judgment.

The Lion's Share

Secretary Carter Glass was discussing a certain stockholders' meeting out of which a wail arose from the minority stockholders. "The minority stockholders," he said, "can always get justice—if they are able to fight for it, but all too often they are like the small boy in the restaurant. This lad had saved up enough change to gratify the longing of a lifetime and purchase an order of roast duck, but when it was set before him it was so small that he looked at it in disgust and finally summoned up enough courage to call the waiter. Just as the waiter arrived the boy noticed that at the very next table a big fat man was being served with roast duck also and that he got a huge portion. 'What do you mean giving me a little dab of duck like this and serving a whole bird to that fat slob over there?' he shrilled, and

added, 'Get me the manager.' The waiter bowed and smiled. 'The fat slob is the manager,' he explained."

True Reform

They tell a story of a bootlegger in Kansas who, during confinement in the county jail, received a visit from some temperance women who brought him flowers and tracts. The bootlegger, instead of thanking them, berated them for their ingratitude. "You folks busted up the greatest temperance movement in this county in years," he wailed. "I was selling them fellows whisky that was diluted as high as 75 per cent., and if you'd left me alone another month I'd a had 'em drinkin' pure water."

"And shall I be able to play the piano when my hands heal?" asked the wounded soldier. "Certainly you will," said the doctor. "Gee, that's great! I never could before."—Houston Post.

First Workman—Yes, the corporation has offered us one-half the profits for the coming year, in addition to our wages. Second Workman—Well, tell 'em when they offer us all of the profits, we'll consider it.—Life.

"Do you think our oratorical friend was sincere when he asked the crowd not to interrupt him by demonstrations of approval?" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "there are men who would rather listen to their own voices than to applause."—Washington Star.

Coming Shows

During the summer months the Gayety Theatre has been closed it has been undergoing complete new decoration and refurnishing under the personal supervision of Manager Charles W. Daniels. Painters, upholsters, scenic artists, etc., have been at work until now it is one of the prettiest theatres in the city. It will open the week of August 17 with Ben Welch and his revue—a company of witty men and handsome women selected from the best burlesque affords, including Frank P. Murphy, Frank Kearney, Vic Casmore, Harry Evans, Dimple Dolly Morrissey, Nettie Hyde, Freda Florence and Frankie Martin. In addition to these will be the famous Welch Dancing Girls, famous for their tuneful voices and pretty clothes. Mr. Welch is of course the chief attraction of the production and his admirers will rejoice to learn that he spends more time on the stage than customarily. He plays the chief roles in "Love Arbor" and "Izzy at the Movies," and also offers a new specialty in Italian and Hebrew characterization.

✱

The Columbia, which has also been redecorated and renewed throughout, opened last Monday with continuous vaudeville and pictures from eleven o'clock in the morning until eleven at night. Mr. David Russell, the manager, has scheduled two complete changes of program each week. The vaudeville bill for the remainder of this week includes the Norris animals and the jazz monkeys, Charles Olcott in a ten-minute comic opera, the acrobatic Melvin Brothers, Burns and Wilson in a comedy skit, and Ragland and Gagen in "nifty nonsense." The feature picture will be "The Peace of Roaring River" starring Pauline Frederick.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Doing Britain's Dirty Work

By William Marion Reedy

I WONDER if people are not getting tired
of all the "bunk" that is being talked
about democracy in this country while
they are hearing at the same time of some
things that are being done in the name of de-
mocracy. There are the cases of the Indian
agitators now imprisoned here and held for
deportation because of their propaganda in
behalf of self-government for their native
land. As practical folk, helpless in the storm
of passion, we may have reconciled ourselves
to the activities of our authorities against
those men while the war was on, in accord-
ance with the theory that we were bound to
suppress revolutionary movements calculated
to injure the military efforts of our ally, Great
Britain. To the extent that the revolutionists
were fighting England they were aiding
our enemies as well as England's. But the
war is over now. One would think that, this
being the case, we should not be making war
upon the nationalists of India.

Within the past few weeks four more Hin-
dus have been arrested for deportation to In-
dia. The men are D. K. Sarkar, in New
York; Gobind Behari Lal, of San Francisco,
and Bhagwan and Santokh Singh, of Seattle.
These, with Gopal Singh, arrested for trans-
portation some months ago, Taraknath Das,
now in Leavenworth prison, and some others,
if sent back home, will be in effect condemned
to death, for that has been the fate of their
fellows in agitation at the hands of the Brit-
ish Government. These men were arrested
after the war. What for? Why, for exactly
the thing of which Washington, Jefferson,
Franklin, Adams and others held in immor-
tal memory by all Americans, were guilty;
they have been struggling to free their coun-
try from the rule of the stranger. They have
been endeavoring to secure for their own peo-
ple that self-determination about which Wood-
row Wilson has been discoursing so eloquently
for at least two years. The information upon
which they have been arrested has been sup-
plied by agents, secret and public, of the Brit-
ish Government. The British consul at San
Francisco, Mr. A. Carnegie Ross, has in-
formed our authorities that if he has not al-
ready given enough proof against them he can
furnish more in practically unlimited quan-
tity.

The idea that our government should send
these patriots to the firing squad is enough
to make the blood of any true blue Amer-
ican boil in indignation. Judge Van Fleet,
of San Francisco, has characterized their of-
fense as "too much love of their Mother-
land." That they violated the neutrality laws
of this country, passed as war measures,
is admitted. For that offense they were
tried and convicted. They served their sen-
tences. There can be no just complaint about
that as a matter of law, whatever we may
think of the wisdom or the justice of such
laws in general. It is deliciously atrocious,

however, that we should punish these Hindus
for a political crime against another country,
considering that during all our history until
now, we have refused to include under extra-
ditable offenses any political crimes. It has
never been considered a crime for anyone to
agitate for the change of forms of govern-
ment. Born in revolution ourselves, we could
not repudiate the principle of action in the ex-
ercise and application of which we had our
origin.

This country's sympathies have ever been
with every people struggling to cast off
tyranny. Since when has the spirit of this
country changed in this regard? Who
changed it, if it has been changed? Why is
it that the great daily newspapers of this
country have little or nothing to say about the
facts of the incarceration of these men who,
a few years ago, would have been hailed as
the heroes they are? The only information
that is vouchsafed us on the subject is ob-
tainable solely from circulars disseminated by
organizations that are forced thus to present
their cause, owing to the fact that publicity
otherwise is denied them. The censorship is
in operation, voluntarily or under compulsion.
We are not permitted in this country to know
as much about the uprising in India or in
Egypt as are the people of Great Britain. It
is very doubtful that the vast majority of
Americans have any knowledge of the efforts
being made to send these Hindus back to mil-
itary execution. I have been amazed to learn
how little the people here know of the extent
of the revolt against Great Britain, both in In-
dia and Egypt, but for the matter of that, they
have been kept in ignorance of the nature and
scope of the social revolution in England
itself.

They know nothing of the discontent in
Canada and Australia. Our press has delib-
erately glossed over all these things in the
briefest dispatches except in the case of the big
strike in Canada or has ignored them alto-
gether, possibly under the impression that by
doing so the spread of what is loosely called
"Bolshevism" is thereby prevented. Because
there is a so-called "Irish vote" here the
papers and the politicians give us something
about the troubles in the Evergreen Isle and
they even give much space to the honors
showered upon "President" De Valera of the
Irish Republic during his tour of our greater
cities, though I must confess that there are
signs that the "silencer" has been put upon
that of late. Our people know and love the
Irish and sympathize with their aspirations
and efforts for nationhood, but we do not
know the Hindus or Egyptians. We do not
regard these people as being within the pale.
Most folks here think of these people as being
a bit off-color, anyhow. When labor unions
and other organizations pass resolutions of
sympathy and support for the revolutionists, no
news stories are made of such actions. If the
American public knew what is being done here

to punish the champions of Indian liberty, here in this land dedicated to liberty, I believe there would go up such a protest against the use of our power to strangle the movement for self-rule among the Hindus as would be irresistible.

Nothing is heard about India or Egypt in the United States Senate, but much is said about Shantung. Now, Shantung is bad enough in all conscience, but Shantung is "played up" because, in doing so, the politicians have an opportunity to attack Japan, and there is a large "vote" to be appealed to, especially in the West, by opposing Japanese imperialism. That Japanese imperialism is no worse, all things considered, than British imperialism, goes without saying. But then, you know, Great Britain is not averse to our putting as many spokes as possible in Japan's wheel. While our newspapers play politics with the politicians as to Japan and Ireland, the public is kept in ignorance of such an inquiry as the use of the institutions and machinery of our Government to deliver over to British military power men who, if they have in any way offended against our laws, have paid the penalty therefor and are purged of further guilt.

A few years ago the treatment now being dealt out to the Hindu agitators here would have been unthinkable, for we were then the same country that had tried to help Kossuth's rising in Hungary, that had welcomed heartily the men who tried to overthrow autocracy in Prussia, that had all the good will in the world for the efforts of Garibaldi, that had gone to war to free Cuba. In those days we were not allowing any foreign power to reach over here and grasp for vengeance any man, however humble, who had endeavored to bring about the political emancipation of his countrymen. But a few months ago our President was doing all he could to induce the people of Germany to revolt against their masters. Now we find them tightening the chains upon the people of Egypt by recognizing the British protectorate over that country and saying and doing nothing to maintain the right of asylum in this land for all those who strive to destroy political and social oppression. He has cared as little for the rights of asylum of the Hindus as, apparently, he has cared for the right of free speech and free press in the cases of the American men and women now held in our jails and penitentiaries for expressing their dissent from the opinion and will of the majority in support of the war.

All political prisoners—foreign, as well as native or naturalized—in this country should be freed, and at once. Everyone who believes the old doctrine that this land was "established as a refuge for the oppressed of the earth"—a sentiment that we used to applaud vociferously in Fourth of July orations—should make it his business to register his protest against the proceedings now in progress to send the patriotic Hindus back to India for execution. We should protest fully and vigorously against the Allies' rule of India and Egypt as against the political and economic subjection of the majority in Ireland, but we should especially protest the abominable perversion of justice in the case of these Hindus. If we permit Britain to use us as she now plans to do, we shall repudiate the most glorious pages in our history. She may be getting us to jail and deport Irish agitators. She may insist upon our sending De Valera back to England in manacles and an Oregon boot. She may be getting us to do something which for all her faults she has never consented to do

at the request of any government. England has always been the revolutionist's refuge, but here we are sending back to her refugees from her governmental wrath.

These Hindus we are holding for deportation have not sinned against us, or if they have, they have atoned for it. They admit that they want to see British rule in India overthrown, but they emphatically deny that they ever attempted to interfere with or do any harm to the United States Government. This whole country should arise in wrath and demand their release.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Tackling the Cost of Living

THE President's call upon Congress to do something to check the rise in the cost of living has resulted thus far only in a great deal of newspaper discussion and a summons by the Attorney General to the war-time food administrators of the different States to institute a sweeping investigation for the purpose of discovering possible profiteering. In effect the people are called upon to supply the evidence upon which to base action against the engrossers of the nation's food and other necessities. It is suggested that the same methods be employed that were employed in the determination of prices during the critical period of food conservation in the midst of war. There are to be committees to make public fair price lists of all commodities, but these committees will be extra legal, without definite authority to enforce their determinations. Information as to the situation in each State is to be filed with the Department of Justice in Washington. Evidence of hoarding or other violations of the Food Control Act is to be turned over to the United States Attorney and that official, in every federal district, will bring to bear all his powers, as well as those of the Bureau of Investigation, to discover and punish violators of the law. It remains to be seen whether the volunteers called for will rally to their work with anything like the enthusiasm they displayed in the exercise of similar functions under the stress of the compelling psychology of war-time patriotism.

Surely it is not cynicism but only common sense to suggest that the logical development of the attorney general's proclamation is that the people themselves should take in hand the matter of high prices and apply the remedy of the boycott, by refusing to buy anything the price of which is, in their opinion, too high. The appeal is to public sentiment, since there can be no direct prosecution of those who may extort exorbitant prices from the public. The people could bring down prices with a crash in two or three days if they would only withhold from purchasing. It may be that they will do this, having in mind that the Government is with them in their plight and fight.

Proposals for legislation necessary to supplement the activities of the volunteer food regulators are many. The Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank is out with a declaration that it would be as unwise as it is unnecessary to adventure now upon any currency legislation. He says that the increase in circulation of reserve bank notes in the past three years is the effect and not the cause of advancing wages and prices. Furthermore he says that present conditions are due to a

"general relaxation of the war-time regime of personal economy." Mr. Harding and indeed the banking fraternity generally advise against tampering with the currency, with a view to deflation. This advice will probably be heeded by Congress. Demands that the Government take over the wheat crop at the price guaranteed the farmers and sell it to the public at what it will bring in the market are insistent, but they are not given as much consideration as might have been expected. The Government might not be averse to such action, even if it does involve giving a billion dollars to the farmers, out of everybody's taxes, but the fact is that the wheat supply is going to be short this year and a great deal of what there is of it is going to be rather poor, so it is not likely that such action would really save the people very much money in the long run. Bringing down the price of wheat is supposed to bring down the price of everything else in sympathy, but the Government cannot bring the price down below that fixed by the irrepealable law of supply and demand. It seems likely that Congress will let the price of wheat alone. The reduction of the cost of living will have to be approached in other ways.

First there will be attempts at legislation to provide funds for the Federal Trade Commission and other administrative agencies in order to conduct inquiries and develop the requisite publicity as to conditions necessitating the enactment of law. After this has been done there will be a "drive" against the profiteers. The first thing done will be to pass laws regulating the cold storage plants, in which it is said certain big interests hold out of reach of the people vast quantities of food stuffs in order to keep up prices. But this cannot well be done until it is known how long food can be stored with safety to the health of those who consume it. The President has recommended the licensing of business corporations engaged in interstate commerce, with regulations which will enable price control. The regulations will involve such things as stamping all articles with the cost price when shipped. Cold storage goods will be labeled with the price they bore at the time they were stored. There are several bills proposed for the regulation of the packing concerns. Some of them come close to Government ownership of that industry. All of them aim at restricting the packing business to packing proper and destroying the power now exercised by the meat barons over banking, transportation, stock yards and the country-wide machinery of retailing. This includes the regulation of the production of food stuffs for domestic cattle. Atop of this come proposals for rigorous supervision of dealings in stocks under the direction of the Capital Issues Committee, the idea being that in this way the people would be protected from wild-cat schemes and enabled to save their money even from their own passion to get rich quick.

All of this is very interesting and even exciting, but it will take time, and meanwhile the prices do not go down, but quite the contrary. For all proposals to have the Government dabble its hands in business makes the business man panicky and his first and strongest instinct is to "get his" before anything can be done to prevent him doing so. Evidently the surest way to bring prices down is for the people to get together and refuse to buy the things for which the dealers ask

too much. The remedy of taxing the earth into productive use does not commend itself to our statesmen. It never occurs to them that another way to bring down prices and at the same time send wages up is to untax all production. There is no other way of raising wages without taking out of them an entirely too large proportion of the product of labor. Wherefore I may be pardoned for saying that all this bother over the assault upon the profiteers strikes me as being nothing but a grand "gesture" for the purpose of stabilizing an administration that has been notoriously "slipping" in public favor. It was sprung by the chairman of the National Democratic Committee after he had swung around the circle and found out that the party was going to pieces. The whole thing has served also to create a diversion of public interest from the President's unpleasing attitude of insisting upon his League of Nations, not only without amendment or reservation, but in effect without discussion or at least without any information that he can hold back, and his apparent concern for the welfare of "humanity," while caring nothing for the troubles and distresses of the people of this country. Mr. Wilson's awakening to the *post bellum* burdens of his own people was belated. The situation was long foreseen and should have been prepared for, but Mr. Wilson went away to Europe whistling down the wind as negligible all proposals of a reconstruction policy in domestic affairs. And even now he tells Congress that there is no escape from the burden of profiteered existence, unless we accept and approve the treaty of peace and the league covenant. The opposition to the league is not weakening. It is ready to deal with the cost-of-living question, but it is not letting up on its fight upon the league.

As a matter of fact, so far as I can see, the only weakening is in the support of the President's demand that the covenant be swallowed "hook, line and sinker" by the Senate. It looks very much as if the administration men in the Senate will have to consent to some modifications of the league program. That the way is being prepared for this I suspect from the course of those hard-and-fast organs of the man from New Jersey, the *New York World* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, both of which are advocating that the President make some concession to the opposition, since the very existence of the opposition shows that there is necessity for, at the very least, some clarification upon points in debate. He made concessions to Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Orlando and the Mikado; why not make some to the Senate for the sake of harmony? The President has woken up to the state of the nation. He may be seeing, too, that it is time for him to quit trying to run the country and put over his peace plan without the advice or consent of the Senate or the people at large.

The Conference and Hungary

The cause of the League of Nations has not been forwarded by recent developments. The result of the overthrow of the government of Bela Kun in Hungary is a disaster to the democratic ideal. A popular government is set aside by what looks like a *coup d'etat* and an archduke is now master of the situation there. It does look as if the Powers in conference at Paris are being played with. Rumania seems to flout them. First they abandoned Karolyi over the protest of General Jan Smuts. Then

they did not interpose any adequate opposition to Rumania's attack upon Bela Kun's Socialist government. With Kun out a royalist comes into control. The regime the world fought to destroy in Hungary is restored. A Hapsburg is in the saddle. In fighting the Bolsheviki we seem to be fighting to put the Romanoffs back in power in Russia. This should produce hopes in Hohenzollern breasts of their eventual restoration in Germany. The conference seems to be chiefly concerned to keep down popular revolution. The statesmen want no governments that are too democratic surrounding Germany. Monarchists are more acceptable to them than Socialists.

This is not one of the things we fought for. It is not the dawn of the new day we looked for. In this country we do not like to see the Rumanians stopped when a Hapsburg attains authority after being allowed a free hand against the democratic government of Bela Kun. When we see monarchism cropping out in Hungary and think of Shantung and the turning of our face away from the appeals of Egypt, India and Ireland for the right of self-determination we wonder where comes in that democracy for which we were told we went to war. Worse it is when we think of Russia, for there we are fighting a people whose only crime is that they have set up their own government in place of the worst tyranny on earth, and we are fighting them by the worst method known to mankind, namely, starvation. The Russian Government is functioning well in every respect except one and that is the supplying of food and the carrying on of industry. The Bolshevik regime could do both these things if it were not for the blockade maintained against it by the Allies and ourselves, as is made piteously clear in Mr. Arthur Ransome's book, "Russia in 1919" (B. W. Huebsch, New York). Lenin has sought peace on the conference's terms, but it is denied him. He is willing to guarantee the old war debts and even to refrain from pushing Bolshevik propaganda in the Allied countries, but we continue to aid the warfare upon him by the reactionary forces of Kolchak and Denikin.

Unhappily it is not considerations such as these that dictate opposition to the league in the Senate, but desire for no restrictions upon our own imperialism in this hemisphere and, underlying that, antagonism to the ultimate development of a truly effective League of Nations in the direction of universal free trade. The people are for accepting the league and shaping it into more conformity with the purposes set forth originally by President Wilson, by bringing democratic opinion to bear upon its functioning, through influencing the participant governments. It is Mr. Wilson's idea that if we can get the league to going we shall be able to do away with all these evil things in imperial exploitation, which he had to concede to his fellow confreres in order to get so much of a covenant as he brought home. Get the league started and then we can correct Shantung and help Egypt and India and Ireland and even Russia and quiet the Bankers by removing the results of European diplomacy there. So, in spite of all the *status quo* hang-over that the treaty and covenant contain, I am in favor of the league as the only means, other than war, whereby we are likely to get rid of the abominations I have criticized as sanctioned by the instrument formulated at Paris. These things must be criticized and condemned by Liberals in all countries, until the governments of those countries composing the league correct them. We shall be able to amend the league once it

gets going and we cannot better, but only worse, conditions the world over by breaking up the league.

The Railroad Men's Program

The railway brotherhoods' demand for more pay and for a reorganization of the entire railway system of the country so as to give the workers a large and even a predominant share in control, somewhat stunned the country at first. The President met it with a suave insinuation that it would be considered, but that it could not be considered under an implied threat of violence if the demand was not met. The labor leaders were prompt to repudiate any suggestion of a threat. The railroad men who, in different parts of the country, went on strike in defiance of the officers of their organization, are returning to work. Prominent sympathizers with organized labor, summoned to Washington for conference upon plans to forward the Plumb proposal, have acted with moderation. They say that the plan cannot be adopted hastily, but only after careful consideration of all the facts and the probable result of the remedy in all its ramifications. So the conference will be postponed for two months and the project deliberated in cooler blood. Meanwhile the railway brotherhoods will take a vote on the proposal to strike and the Government will consider their demand for more pay, the demand for the reduction of the cost of living and the Plumb plan for railway reorganization. The big press comes out boldly against the Plumb plan. It is Karl Marxian, it is Bolshevism, Sovietism, Anarchism. It is the worst thing since the proposal of free silver. All of which it may be or may not be. But one thing it is, and that is a definitely clear proposal to put into effect that democratization of industry which the President himself recommended to Congress in a special message a short time ago. It proposes that the railroads shall be run on a service-at-cost basis, permitting and facilitating adjustments of rates and wages that shall be almost automatic. It is a plan that has certainly the merit of being better than the no-plan of the Government and the railroad owners for getting the railroads out of their present plight. That it would set up the railroad workers' interests as superior to all other interests, including the public, seems to be a true charge against it, but it is not an insane Bolshevik project. It contains many suggestions that may work out to the good of all concerned, and I cannot see wherein absolutely it would take away from the present owners of railroad properties anything that rightly belongs to them, for surely the most important thing in the railway system is the public domain of which the owners are in possession and for which they give no adequate compensation to the people who own that domain. It is, however, true that we do not want railroads run solely for the benefit of the men who work on them. If the railroads are to be taken from their present owners they must be taken for all the people and not for any one special class. "All power to the workers" is all right but, in this country, almost everybody is a worker. The most of us are proletarians. Still the fact remains that the workers must have more share in management and in the proceeds of the industry of which they are the largest part, and no deficiencies in the Plumb plan, in other respects, should damn it so far as the democratization parts are concerned.

Methinks I see a man in the White House saying to himself that here is another thing—

this nationalization and workers' control of railways, mines and great steel mills and other things—that this country is coming to if the Senate does not ratify his League of Nations. And I am sure that I have heard some of the League opponents saying that, Well, that man Wilson has shown labor where it gets off, and told the Brotherhoods and the Federation of Labor that they can't bluff him, and perhaps his League of Nations is not so bad after all. Yes, I think that the President's intimation that no threats will be tolerated will help him towards an accommodation with the chief opponents of the League of Nations in the Senate, though it won't help him so much with that opposition to the League which has no representation in the Senate—the radical opposition to the League as not going far enough in the direction of universal denationalization and the domination of the world by the workers. However all this may be, the Plumb plan is not dead. It is the beginning of nationalization and democratization of the country's great basic industries. The capitalist will have to come around to something like the Plumb plan, very much modified. For the workers are not going to do all the work and let the parasites get away with all the profits. The actors are not going to do all the work and let the managers take all the money. Labor is a word that means more in politics than ever before. It means all labor. The labor movement is no longer confined to men and women who toil in grime. It gathers to itself the artist, the author, the musician, the teacher, the scientific experimenter, even the preacher of salvation. All that is not labor is now or will soon be recognized as graft. The politicians know which is the majority, and the majority will see that its will is put into effect in social and economic readjustment, most of which will be in the spirit, if not in the letter, of the Plumb plan, which the plutocratic press now declares with the exaggeration of false hope to be dead.

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A Dead One

Ernst Haeckel is dead. Haeckel the monist. But he is not as dead as the falsely called dead Darwinian idea of which he was the champion—that organic and morganic are one, that there is no moral order in the universe. The war we are winding up proved Haeckel wrong. The peace we are trying to close up is an endeavor to give the moral order fuller play. The after-war discords over peace are mostly due to the assertion of the moral order's supremacy over force and cunning. The survival of the fittest means now that it is in man's power to make everybody strive to survive and that the way to do this is by removing every shackle upon and obstruction to the development of the individual's best. Man will see to it that society controlled by a few shall get off man's back. And that's the ultimate of the League of Nations and of the Plumb plan for railway control and of the strike of the Actors' Equity Association against the theatrical trust and the Farmers' Non-Partisan League in North Dakota, and every moving, living thing in human affairs today. The world knows where it's going and it's on its way, a little wobbly here and there and now and then, but going fairly strong in the main. President Wilson leads it not a little. But then, too, the world carries him along and shows him he is not the whole cheese when it comes to determining what is the limit of the moral order.

NEW YORK, August 10.

Freight

By Howard Mumford Jones

I.

DEVOURING the shining rails
That curve like steely serpents into the hot,
white distance,
The freight train lurches up through the tangled
yards,
A bull-headed dragon, a modern Minotaur.
Flippant switch-engines back in and out of the huddled cars
Like barking sheep-dogs rounding up a herd;
In well-bred aloofness
A string of empty passenger coaches loafs into the cavernous train-shed;
And spurred by derisive taunts from a midget in blue
Grinning down from the haunch of a stately Mogul engine,
Two brakemen, dripping hot oaths,
Amid a crash of couplings
Make up the local for Wenatchee and points east.

Meanwhile with glistening sides
Under the August sun
The transcontinental freight,
Slackening, never pausing,
Thunders unheeded through,
Save where by the yardmaster's tower
A tiny figure importantly waits
Holding aloft a hoop
For the fireman to catch as he hurtles eastward and home.

II.

The negro car-cleaner, over his sprawling hose,
glances up at the train;
A wop by the water-tower, wiping the sweat from his brow,
Shouts at his comrade a phrase whose lineage climbs upward to Homer;
A slim young man in the telegraph room, coatless,
weary of life, looking up under his green-shaded eyes to yawn,
Taps with his key a command to Medary Junction,
(A woman holds down the key at Medary Junction,
a woman straight and slim and sweet as cherry blossoms in May).
The transcontinental freight, never pausing, climbs up the grade toward the river,
And Bob Yates at the throttle dreams of hot sausage for supper
In a home in Milwaukee two hundred and three miles away.

III.

Meanwhile, under the crash of the train,
Sounds the song of the wheels,
And I hear the paean of freight,
The chant democratic of the cars:
I carry masts of mountain pine
With still some fragrance of the wild;
And tons of ancient coal are mine;
For me a burden all divine,
The shining playthings of a child;
And I with hides am half-defiled;
My load is stone, machinery, mine.

I bear a load of spice and tea!
(In far Japan the temple bells
Drift thin and sweet across the sea!)

A golden gloom of wheat in me
Of shoreless wastes of prairie tells
Where giant reapers ride the swells
Of yellow grain like ships at sea!

In me a household's hopes and fears
Are packed like dreams within a skull:
At births and marriages, by biers,
A transit talked about for years,
From lonely farm and life grown dull
Unto the City Beautiful,
The splendid, secret hope of years!

IV.

The long train, increasing speed, rounds into the distance,
A jointed serpent of red encircling the green curve of the hill;
A blur of smoke, a bar across the sunshine,
Marks where, into the cool throat of the valley,
The engine has disappeared.
The cars run smoothlier past,
And again I hear the paean,
The chant democratic of the cars:

Camels crept to Babylon,
And chariots to Rome
But the thumping freight cars,
The battered, busted freight cars,
The unromantic freight cars,
They never are at home.

Merchant junks to China
And caravels to Spain—
But all the way from Canada,
From Michigan and Arkansas,
From Maine and California,
We run through sun and rain,

Caravans and pirates are
Notorious in song,
But who gets dippy over cars,
Or moony-eyed about the stars
When a string of banging cars
Humps itself along?—

Yet—

The chariots of Saul are dust,
And Cleopatra's silks are must,
And on the English coaches rust
Eats in like creeping fire,
But we have seen audacious sights
Under the swinging Northern Lights,
And know great gales and sleepless nights
And cold like snapping wire.

Under our heels the prairie bakes,
Under our haste the mountain shakes
To thunder, and the Five Great Lakes
Pay tribute to our greed,
And we know roads that Caesar knew not,
And burdens that Tyre's oxen drew not,
And nations Alexander slew not
Depend upon our speed!

O chariots and charioteers!
O traders and adventurers!
Disastrously along the years
They sink to dust and fire!
But the switchlights glimmer green and red
In the yards where the men put us to bed,
And we tell tales that were never said
In Nineveh and Tyre!

So—

Palanquin and stagecoach
Sound well enough in rime,
But it's the dirty freight cars,
The rusted, busted freight cars,
The unromantic freight cars
Are emperors of time!

V.

Out of the grimy yard
Where the roundhouse lies squat like a giant jail,
The caboose at last lurches around the curve.
The conductor, a slouch-hatted Yankee,

Swaying easily with his platform,
Looks back at the dwindling city.
Thus Alexander from his chariot
Indifferent surveyed the cringing Persians;
Thus Napoleon at Austerlitz
Beheld from his horse
The slaughter of his enemies;
Thus always
The lords of creation
In majesty behold the world.



In After Days

By Samuel Danziger

[A footnote on page 3347 of "The History of the Ancients," by Professor Weistwenig. Published by Sharper and Brothers, Canberra, Australia, 4919.]

THE well known story of the alleged great world war of 1914-1918 is omitted from this work which is devoted to narration of facts exclusively. Modern historians no longer regard that story as more than an interesting fable or allegory, like the Napoleon myth or the legend of the Trojan war ascribed to a somewhat earlier period.

The metaphorical nature of the twentieth century story is even clearer than that of the slightly older tale concerning Helen and Paris. According to the story war is brought on by a youth named "Prinzip" who kills a prince of the House of "Hapsburg." Modern research shows that "Prinzip," in the language then prevailing in Central Europe, means a principle. "Hapsburg" is a corrupted form of a word that means the citadel of those who possess. It is obvious that the author of the tale intended to warn the propertied class against the danger of propaganda hostile to its interest. Furthermore the story represents as the ally of the "Hapsburgs" the House of "Hohenzollern," which means those who levy high tariffs.

In some versions the latter house is made the overlord of the "Hapsburgs." This strengthens the metaphor since it points to the community of interest of all holders of predatory privileges, as well as to the superior cunning by which the beneficiaries of barbarous methods of taxation succeed in dominating the whole plunderbund. That, in the end, "Hapsburg" and "Hohenzollern" are both overthrown and deposed is intended to show the futility of efforts on the part of such interests to put down a principle once it has grown strong enough to attack them. They must act promptly and kill it at birth. Otherwise their doom is certain.

If the story related a literal fact, if the war had actually taken place, we may be sure that history would not record such events as occurred immediately after the date assigned to it in the United States. There we know the most strenuous efforts were made by the classes analogous to the "Hapsburgs" and "Hohenzollerns" of Europe to suppress free speech and dissemination of ideas and truths objectionable to them. Men and women were imprisoned and sometimes put to torture for refusing to violate conscientious scruples against participation in war. Persons of foreign birth known to favor abolition of economic serfdom were deported. While the privileged classes were not overburdened with political intelligence or foresight, it is absurd to suppose that they would have been stupid enough to inaugurate such a policy, had they actually witnessed a war in Europe wherein the same policy pursued by their German and Austrian prototypes had naturally resulted in loss of possession and power. It seems more probable that the metaphorical tale was inspired by these happenings in America and their disastrous effect upon the privileged interests. Those who would read more on this subject are referred to the author's "Folklore of the Twentieth Century."

Made In America

By Dorothy Dudley

SINCE some months ago the editor of REEDY'S MIRROR published the draft of a proposal for "an American society for examination and endorsement" in behalf of art in America and asked the question, "What do our writers and artists think of the proposal?" I have wondered often what doors he has opened, what hopes he may have stirred. I have imagined that anyone who had made a work of art or knew of one rejected by editor, publisher or exhibitor, because it was thought too rare or too fearless, or both, to please the commerce and the morals of the hour, would hasten to show at least a passing interest in this apparently uncommercial, unsocial scheme—this gesture in the direction of birth, of expression. Anything, it seemed, should be welcome to discourage the platitude that in this country the artist must do without freedom and without support. Then the suspicion crept in that possibly no one really cared, that perhaps even that delicate, vivid, violent, authentic thing men call art, they think, remains more suitably adjusted to the times in the obscurity of closet, portfolio, or desk. In that way optimism and inanity may reign more secure from coast to coast.

It was agreeable, then, to read in a more recent number of REEDY'S MIRROR, Edward Smith's endorsement of an American society of the kind proposed. It is true his indignation arose from the very incredible suppression of a book of science, a translation of Freud's analysis of Leonardo da Vinci, which (and here the artist will smile) he declared is "worse than the suppression of a mere work of art, being the very stuff the artist feeds on." In this, one detects, I fear, the note of the utilitarian beyond whose standards few Americans dare to go, the most of them choosing to ignore the chance (somewhere suggested by Yeats) that "all the most valuable things are useless." He describes, what is more, the first function of any critical society "with the scope of the one now proposed" as that of "educating the public in matters of taste and truth." To educate, to patronize, to edify—that, I should think, should be furthest of all from the purpose of any group of people assembling in behalf of art. But if their one critical basis were not education, which seems to breed mediocrity, but the fulfillment of the desire for life, the hope of seeing genius come to leaf and flower, then their wisdom might be of value—the value being in exact proportion to their degree of passionate interest, in proportion, in fact, to how many of them and how much they cared.

Everywhere, apparently, in human life, truth, or the semblance of it, is a luxury that few can afford. Expediency, courtesy, the affections are too often against it. Life evolves and withers, desires take form and are quenched or thwarted, secretly, perhaps, more than openly. Yet always, despite the protests of the idealist, the fanatic and the boor, truth, whether veiled or naked, has made its appearance in the world of art, because the artist, being slave among the gods, but unconquerable libertine among men, has willed it to be so. And other men, through protesting, have been glad, and out of a dimmer understanding have valued this one realm above all else, finding only there a flaming authenticity, an unconcealed, unchanging beauty—a mirror for secrets too hard otherwise to bear. Can it be that the United States, with all its size and power, is to be an exception; is finally to refuse this solace and support, this sensitive image of reality which is art; is to hide its own life in the tame, muffled, monotonous records of the American magazine and theatre? And this a life, which, if one considers the vigor and variety of the blood, bone and flesh, and earth and air and water that go into it, no doubt fantastic as that of any Arabian Nights, urgent as in a play of Shakespeare's, grotesque as the world of Rabelais, direct and delicate as a Greek idyl. Yet, for evidence of the wide gulf between reality in this country and nearly all expression of it,

think of talks with any soldier coming from the war—terrible, ironic, funny, pitiful, but never dull; and then read the reports of military life that sift into the magazines and fiction of the hour, and look at the monuments celebrating it that vulgarize the streets of the city. Or witness the melancholy in the faces of the crowds, the sorrow staining the windows of the houses or festering in the little shops, and irony that grins on every side, and then try to sit to the end of almost any Broadway play, with its inevitable virtue rewarded by a pair of marriages, one juvenile, one middle-aged—in brief, its nauseous, happy ending. How to take the "gladness" out of American plays—that should be the duty of some commission of experts, and before another season.

It is hard to believe this country is content, forming habits of expression, too flimsy, too unreal to outlive their moment. Only to one end—laughter—does the American artist appear to be unhampered. Out of that freedom comes art unconstrained—Ring Lardner, Charlie Chaplin—offering subtleties in the mirroring of life. But unless we laugh, we are forced too often to sleep or yawn or whine. Isn't it a commonplace to say regretfully of some vital or strange thing, "Oh, that could never be printed or played or exhibited here; in London or Paris perhaps, but not here"? Indicating this very condition, the editor asked, I remember, if this society he outlined was needed, and if it would accomplish the desired result—both baffling questions. Yet, if it could succeed in contradicting that one commonplace, dullness might begin to lift from the land and people turn more gayly, more piquantly to what is offered them for enjoyment, reflection and excitement. Perhaps, however, as long as the merchant continues to uphold the puritan in his tyranny of prudery and prohibition, no measure of genius or love of it can prevail. As long, perhaps, as people here choose to shun the shining fact at the heart of creation, sex, or to turn an ugly, clumsy eye upon it; as long, indeed, as "safety" is the slogan, death will be the reward—death alone being very safe.

And yet of course, something is needed, some vision, some awakening, if this country is to become part of the imperishable memory of the world, in the sense that Egypt, Greece, India, China, in ancient days, became part of it; in the sense that the most of our allies and of our enemies in Europe are part of it today. It is true, we have immortal names, but how few, and in the face of what opposition and of what compromise—Lincoln, Poe, Whistler, Whitman, Mark Twain, not many others. And Whistler never ran the risk of living here, or dying here too soon. Whitman was tolerated possibly for a single strain of sentimentality in a nature made otherwise of the elements—his faith in that most consummate abstraction of all, democracy. Lincoln alone, perhaps, had the irresistible beauty to make men think he served their purpose, while really they served his. Poe was too rare, too pure, too absolute to be permitted to bear fruit for many seasons. Mark Twain, often sacrificing his strength to laughter, again wrote what his biographers are pleased to call his "unprintable coarseness," and no one, it seems, has thought to contradict them there—in this land where the sheep apparently and not the leaders decree where the sheep shall go.

Today the story is the same—art now and then welcomed for some trait incidental and foreign to it. Among writers there was the miracle a while ago of the publication of "The Spoon River Anthology," and since then of other rare and titanic poems of Masters; but these last are sometimes hidden in a display of idealism respectable enough, no doubt, to account for the size and tolerance of his public. There was the miracle a few years ago of fresh, strange verse and the magic of rhymes—Vachel Lindsay; and he has been claimed, but for what?—a professor of the movies, of prohibition, and village improvements—mediocrity and optimism. There is Carl Sandburg, who for his strength might live a long time; but will it be for his intrinsic music or because too often he serves his poems in a class gravy, as if to flatter the palate of his protégé, the

mob. And Robert Frost, with a care, it seems, for nothing extraneous to the reality which is beauty, is yet but a slim, spare manifestation; scarcely more than one of those ghosts that still sharply haunt New England roads and doorways.

People say that the story of art, of prophecy, has been the same in all times and all places—being time and time again a story of persecution. But here the persecution is merely neglect, and when that fails, an unchallenged suppression. One might lament, perhaps, the fate of genius in the United States, the way once I heard a negress, a manicure on a train, lamenting that she had never had a child, that for her it had been one abortive operation after another, and then wistfully, "Why, my eldest would be nineteen today if he had lived." Who can say what Rodin, what Aeschylus, what Voltaire, might have

completely flowered here if one abortive operation after another had not been deemed imperative by the forces of morality and commerce?

Some one has had the vision to suggest this society of criticism and endorsement, a court of aesthetic appeal higher than that of current opinion. A winter has passed and one or two people have seconded the idea. Perhaps, happily, others will join in the same thought that in an extremity any lucid measure is worth trying. These may even gather force enough to print the "unprintable works" of arch offenders like Mark Twain; to unlock the rooms of public libraries where distinguished but "indecent" books repose in proud state; perhaps even to give an audience to as much as one great American refused publication under the shabby standards of expression in this democracy. And again, unhappily, they may not.

The four quarters being produced, Madame Camusat again made ineffectual attempts to coax Mariquita into recognizing Linda as Mees; and then the girl returned to her gallery room and the French novel whose purport she but dimly understood.

Only the boldness of ignorance could have accomplished the leap Linda made from her wonted environment into this house of the French quarter, which had a sign, "Chambres Garnies," twisting and turning on a cord pendent from the second story balcony. She had been the youngest and only surviving one of eight children, and, as Madame Camusat might have expressed it proverbially, "A last child is soon an orphan." By the time she had reached twenty-two both her parents were dead, and she was mistress of the little income they left. From childhood she had always "wanted to write," and had already accumulated a varied collection of rejection slips. She fancied that this was because she lived in dull little Fairvale, and she was passionately eager to know "life"—like most young persons, not realizing that people "live" even in prosy villages. As soon as she became a free agent she set forth for the nearest city, which was New Orleans; going first to a pious hostelry recommended by a member of the Ladies' Aid Society, where there were texts on the walls and the food was poor and scanty. But Linda was irresistibly drawn to the French quarter, and prowled there day after day, fascinated by the odd little shops and the old-time houses with red tiled roofs and mysterious courtyards. She tried her school-book French on beggars and praline sellers; and, one day, as an excuse to ask questions, she had her hair shampooed at an establishment of which the show window enshrined the head of a smiling waxen lady wonderfully coiffed, surrounded by a bewitching profusion of curls and coils; and on the glass in many a flourish of gilt lettering was the name, Octave Miradou.

The shampooing was done by a very dark and well-developed Ma'amselle Blanche, who moved with difficulty because she had apparently not discovered that the waistless figure is at present fashionable. While the drying process was going on, Linda confided her desire to find a furnished room in a respectable house of the quarter. Ma'amselle Blanche first repeated "respectable" in French, and then in English, ponderingly, as though there were no great embarrassment of choice; then she called into the darkling rear portion of the shop, "Boss, there is a young lady which wants a respectable furnished room. 'How do you say to Ma'me Camusat—eh, Boss?'"

"Boss"—that is to say, Octave Miradou—came forward and revealed himself as a young man with curly chestnut hair and a pretty girlish face.

"Ma'me Camusat," he repeated, with a simper—"indeed, yes, she is a naice lady, a verry naice lady."

With this valuable recommendation, Linda sought the tall, dingy old house. All sorts of small trades jostled each other in the block—the shop *de seconde main*, the *blanchisseuse de fin*, the *articles de piété*—and at the corner was a grocery from which the original proprietor, Stassi, had not taken the trouble to remove his name in removing himself. Many tenants had come and gone since then, and the present incumbent was a dour Scotchman who listened in saturnine silence when local humorists affected to believe he was the long-vanished Stassi, and told him facetiously, "No speak-a da Dago."

After an interview with Madame Camusat, and an ascent to the third story with Zephine, the maid of all work, Linda decided to take the gallery room, and returned to the place of piety to pack her trunk. She mumbled her new address with guilty indistinctness into the ear of the cab driver, fearing lest some of the prim sisters might overhear it. But though she had a sense of adventure, she had none of danger, and thoroughly enjoyed the life of harmless freedom on which she had embarked. Her frugal breakfast of tea and toast she prepared herself on the gas heater, and spent most of the daylight hours wandering in out-of-the-way nooks and

What Mariquita Knew

By Julian Clive

LINDA BLENNERHASSET glanced out of one window of her "gallery room," which is the New Orleans equivalent for the poor young boarder's hall room elsewhere. The view presented to her eyes comprised the top of the double cistern and the dingy brick wall of the next-door house, now washed but not cleaned by a splashing winter rain. Going out on the long, narrow back gallery, she might see the greasy flagstones of the courtyard below, or, looking riverward, the roof of the Hotel des Étrangers and many other roofs and numerous smokestacks.

The small room, so crowded with heavy, old-fashioned furniture that there was scarcely space to move about, was not calculated to encourage homestay; but this was one of those Southern winter days when the damp cold searched to the bones. "An all-day rain," Linda thought, regretfully. Returning to the novel she had taken from the nearby French Cabinet de Lecture, she covered over the little gas stove which she called the Green-Eyed Twins because of the four round pieces of green glass set in the black cylinders. The green eyes were blinking cheerfully, and the gas was making a pleasant bubbling noise like soup boiling, when suddenly, with a wick and a cluck, the light went out; for this was one of the stoves which must be fed with twenty-five cent pieces. Looking into her purse, Linda discovered she had no such coin.

"Bother!" she commented, "I'll have to go all the way down stairs and see if Madame Camusat has change for a dollar."

So she descended from her third-floor eyrie, down the steep stairs whose high treads made no soft concessions to the infirmities of human legs. Originally, the house had been entered by a long tunnel with a bricked floor; but this had been transformed into a dark, narrow hall, the walls of which were in a perpetual cold sweat. The sepulchral chill of old brick houses was in the air, and also a blending of stale odors: garlic, boiled cabbage and dregs of claret seeming to predominate.

"Entrez!" called a voice when Linda tapped at Madame Camusat's door.

"Oh, it is you, Mees," said Madame Camusat, pleasantly. Linda's long surname presented insuperable obstacles to her powers of English pronunciation. She was a stout, handsome woman, with white teeth, a high color which was not the blush of nature, glossy black hair with many gilt combs, and large black eyes that looked glossy, too. There were diamonds in her ears, and her small, plump hands twinkled with rings.

"Can you give me four quarters for a dollar, Madame?" asked Linda. "I need them for my gas stove—a real nuisance it is, always going out just when I have no change."

"You find? Me, I do not find," said Madame Camusat, who did not relish criticisms upon her household goods. "They are clean an' *con-venient*, an' if this room was not so big, I would have one, me, an' get rid of the dirt an' h'ash of grate fire."

The room, once the front parlor of the house, was gay with gilt papering, stiff Nottingham lace curtains, and furniture upholstered puffily in crimson. There was the inevitable mirror-doored armoire; and from the centre of the crimson canopy of the great mahogany bed a chubby bisque Cupid dangled from a red ribbon.

Just then Madame Camusat's pet bird, gorgeous with red and green, broke into one of those fits of raucous shrieking to which unmated parrots are addicted. Instead of being caged, it stood on a perch with a light chain fastened to one of its legs.

"Be quiet, Mariquita," reproved Madame Camusat. "She does not like strangers. But the intell'gence of that bird is *remarquable*. If she see you two-three times, an' I say to her, 'Look, Mariquita, this is Mees,' in short time she also call you that name. Say 'Mees,' Mariquita," she urged; but Mariquita only turned her head on one side and peered at Linda with that look of ancient cunning peculiar to the species.

Instead, she broke into the plea, "*Baise-moi, Dodor!* Kees me, Doudouce!"

"You see—both French and English she speaks," said the owner, proudly. "Doudouce—that is my little name."

"And Dodor—who is that?" questioned Linda, who had a thirst for information.

"The name of a frien' of mine," replied Madame Camusat, with a coy smirk which suggested the sex of the friend.

"And Mariquita is a Spanish name," commented Linda.

"Me, myself, I am descending from the Spanish," said Madame Camusat, as though the descent were even now being accomplished. "But your change, my dear Mees! Where have I the head? I forget all"—and she pushed herself along on the rollers of her armchair to a little table with locked drawers.

"You know how to save yourself steps," said Linda.

"What will you? In truth, I do not love to walk," looking down at her tiny feet with their high arched insteps. "He who would live long must grow old easy," she added; for she had the Spanish love for proverbial sayings. As she laughed and rolled her body around in the chair, she reminded Linda of a rotund, red cheeked roly-poly doll she had owned in her childhood.

corners. If she happened to be near her lodging house, she would dine at a little restaurant like a hole in the wall, where the floor was sanded and the well-flavored food caused no regrets for the corned beef hash and sawdusty "home-made" bread of the place she had left. But often she would take some sandwiches, and, if it chanced to be the sort of angelic weather which causes New Orleans to be forgiven for all its meteorological sins, she would stay all day in a downtown park, wandering under the gigantic moss-hung oaks or sitting in the sunshine.

Whether or not Linda would ever be known to literary fame, she had this characteristic of the novelist: she was so curious about human nature that nothing shocked her. The unfamiliar types of the *chambres garnies* were to her as queerly fascinating glimpses into some dog-eared volume of humanity opening at last before her eyes. There was the *femme aux fleurs*, as everybody called her, who always had a battered flower pinned somewhere about her person. She carried a shabby portfolio stuffed with papers, and muttered insanely to herself as she hastened along the streets. It was supposed that she had some mysterious "claim," and she haunted the courts and pestered the lawyers. In the house there were also some shabby men and furtive women; the "star" lodger being a fashioner of "Modes et Robes." She occupied the second-floor front, and had a weak, biddable husband who ran her errands and was frequently berated by her. No one took any notice of Linda, though she was pretty in a way, with her ash-blond hair, slate-grey eyes and pale, pure skin. Most of these people did not care to have attention centered on their own activities, and they were doing as they would be done by—proof that the Golden Rule may be followed even in *chambres garnies*. Moreover, everybody was aware of the unaccountability of *ces Américains*.

Linda had an opportunity of realizing Madame Camusat's respectability when she heard her evicting a female tenant with all the majesty of outraged virtue. "But when it's two men paying the rent—that is things I don't understand," cried Madame, as if, after all, there was a limit.

Linda learned much from Zephine, the maid of all work, who clacked ineffectually over the house all day in her down-at-heel slippers, and was such a cynic and opportunist as only a lodging house slavey can be. Zephine was of the brickdust color called by Creoles *briqué*, and her reddish wool was twisted up into horns fastened with gilt pins. She chattered endlessly about the lodgers—how Madame Becque of the Modes et Robes had thrown a flat iron at her husband, and all because—"le pauvre diable"—he had not succeeded in collecting a bill. According to Zephine, the *femme aux fleurs* was paid a monthly pension to keep away from her rich relations. The slavey was also voluble on the subject of Dodor—otherwise Theodore Googan—whom she called euphemistically "Madame's beau."

"Madame give him money, an' sometime he win on the race. But when he lose, it is what you call flying fur. An' he lose great many race, him. Teddee Googan is what other folks call him, but Madame call him Dodor—heh, heh! That big patate—Dodor! When they have fight, Madame cry, an' then they make up again, an' 'tis 'Baise-moi, Dodor! Kees me, Doudouce,'" and Zephine imitated the languishing tones with her negro gift of mimicry. "An' Mariquita, she mock them, too. Ah, if Mariquita could tell all she know, it would be plenty!"

Linda had many a glimpse of Dodor as she went in and out. He was a strapping, bull-necked fellow who took care not to diminish his vitality by toil, but played the races and anything else at which there was a chance of getting money without physical exertion. Linda also overheard more than one of their quarrels through Madame Camusat's half-open door. One day she heard the Creole exclaiming:

"Sure things—peuh! I mock myself of your sure

things. They are sure things to lose money like throwing in a well."

"Aw, now, baby doll," rumbled Dodor, placatingly, "I maybe win it all back tomorrow."

"Yes! When the wolf brings meat to my door," retorted Madame Camusat, unmollified.

After this, Linda observed that Octave Miradou, the pretty hairdresser, began to come to the house, and he could be heard in Madame's room playing the guitar and singing French *romances* in a sweet little tenor voice. If he met Linda on the front steps, he would invariably bow politely and make some conventional remark, "This is a fine weather, Mees," or, "This is a weather most unagreeable," as the case might be. Dodor, on the other hand, always scowled at her on general principles, and he had asked Madame Camusat, "Who's this here high-toned skirt you've got in the house? What's she doin'?"

"She is from the country," replied Madame. "She came to look at the city—she walk around an' see things. An' it is not your affair," she added, quenchingly.

Zephine said to Linda, "Madame better watch out for that Dodor. He is bad man, him."

March came with its close, muggy weather. Perhaps Linda had become dyspeptic from eating irregularly. At all events, she began to find fault with her surroundings and her food. The saffron colored *brioche*s that she had at first considered so delightfully French now sickened her with their flavor of anisette, and the *plats* at the little restaurant seemed greasy and overseasoned.

In the damp heat, the walls of the old house sweated still more clammy, and its stale odors grew overpowering. The dirt of the quarter became more evident to her senses than its picturesqueness. The sidewalks, decorated here and there with neglected garbage cans, were covered with a slimy coating, and the old cobblestones of the street were slippery with mud. The foul gutters steamed malodorously in the alternate rain and sun. Perhaps a reaction had set in, and Linda was suffering from the nostalgia of respectability; for now she began to feel that there was something sinister about the house. She could not keep wondering what crimes might not have been committed in its obscure corners, and thinking of it as a fitting theatre for dark deeds. Sometimes, now, she felt a nervous dread when going up the steep staircase in the evening, and when a projecting nail in the wall caught at her skirt, she gave a cry of terror. Once in passing the room of Madame Becque a cry of "Assassin!" made her start convulsively, though her better judgment told her that poor Monsieur Becque had probably merely upset the coffee pot or trodden on the tail of his wife's pet poodle.

As a matter of fact, Madame Becque was superintending her useful husband as he packed up for their removal into new quarters. There were other departures, so that the second floor was completely vacant; and as Linda now found her gallery room unbearably stuffy, she moved into the large front room just above that of Madame Camusat. She planned vaguely to go to one of the resorts "across the lake," but still lingered on, as if too apathetic to make the effort.

As for Madame Camusat's affairs, quarrels between her and Dodor became more frequent and acrimonious. Probably Dodor was frenzied by the thought that the goose that laid the golden eggs was about to take flight. Going down to pay her monthly dues, one morning, Linda refrained from knocking because of the noise going on within. Through the crack of the door she could see Madame Camusat gesticulating violently; and again she was reminded of her roly-poly doll whose folded arms by some accident had become loosened, so that thereafter she reeled around the room making tragic passes in the air.

"Don't you make small o' me!" bellowed Dodor.

"Oh, yes," retorted Madame, with biting irony; "you are a wonder. There was only two of you, an' the other got lost coming home."

Linda slipped out of the house and walked about for some time, that the storm might subside. When she returned, Madame Camusat was leaning back exhaustedly in her armchair, and sipping orange-flour syrup and water "*pour les nerfs*." She seemed in a pessimistic frame of mind, and said there was no profit any more in keeping *Chambres Garnies*: "*Ca ne marche pas*. Ah, Mees, if only everybody was prompt like you, this house would walk like birds. But these trash sneak out before the point of day, to escape pay me—an' can I sit up all night to watch them, I ask you? An' others I must put to the door. It is not a life! Little coming in; but, for me, money going, going, all the time."

"Well, that's the price we pay for living," philosophized Linda.

"It is truth I think sometimes it would be cheaper to die," responded Madame Camusat, gloomily. "I feel like I am broke into twenty pieces. I am one of those blood-rush persons, an' I have fear one day I shall apoplexy with all the disagreements I see."

From her perch, Mariquita suddenly called in coaxing tones: "*Baise-moi, Tatave!*"

"Mariquita knows another name, I see," said Linda.

The color that rushed to Madame Camusat's face outreddened the rouge, and she answered hurriedly, "It is like I tell you, she is so intell'gent, that Mariquita. *Dis, donc, mon amour*—say Mees!—say Mees!"

She put her face close to Mariquita, and the bird passed its bill softly over her cheek. Seeing the powerful beak so close to Madame Camusat's eyes, Linda cried, nervously, "Aren't you afraid she may bite you?"

"She would not even pull my hairs."

"If I could be as certain nobody else would hurt me, I would die in my bed sure," replied Madame Camusat, fondling her pet.

That night, Linda had an oppressive dream. Some powerful, heavy body seemed weighing her down. In vain she strove to thrust it away with her hands that were suddenly without strength; and while she struggled, some one thumped dully on a drum, and a fife skirled and whistled. In her confused panic, she tried to cry aloud, but the powerlessness of dreams was upon her.

But nightmare has this mercy that it awakes one in its moment of culminating horror, and Linda suddenly started up in bed, her hair and nightdress wet with cold perspiration.

"It was only a dream," she murmured, sinking back on the pillow. But the terror remained with her—a sense that something had happened—she did not know what.

The uneasiness grew, and she got up and looked out of the window, which was beginning to glimmer grey with coming day. Now, as she listened, she heard the raucous voice of Mariquita in the room below, and it struck her that the bird was usually quiet until broad daylight came. Throwing on a wrapper, she made her way downstairs. As she approached Madame Camusat's door, she could hear Mariquita shrieking and fluttering on the perch.

There was no response to Linda's knock.

"Madame Camusat, let me in! let me in!" she cried, her heart hammering in her breast.

Then she turned the knob, and the door yielded to her hand and opened on a scene of confusion. Chairs were upset, and the drawers of the little table were on the floor.

By the dim light of breaking day, she saw Madame Camusat huddled on the floor by the bed, as though she had been flung there. Her long hair was down, and gilt combs strewed the carpet. There were no diamonds now in her ears; the rigid little hands were bare of rings. The plump throat was black with bruises made by strangling hands.

Mariquita, flying back and forth as far as her chain permitted, beat her wings and uttered a gurgling cry, "Dodor—Dodor—*pitié!*"

Letters From the People

Art in Industry and Life

Ledgewood Lodge, Clayton, N. Y.

July 22, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Even from this little hidden nook on the banks of the St. Lawrence I must voice my joy over the news that comes to me of the Exposition of Industrial Arts to be held in October. After all it is really not such a far cry, for it is echoed all over the country, and in giving such an exhibition we are only joining hands with all thinking people in our country.

The plan for such an undertaking is not new. It was discussed before the war began, and at that time the need of it was not as apparent to the great majority of people as it seems to be now.

The news of it should be spread, for it is good news. We need the sort of enlightenment which such an exhibition will bring to us. I hear on all sides the argument that we need it for our industries. That is true, but do we not need it also for our lives? I mean for the influence it is going to have on our intercourse with neighbors and friends and even with strangers. We are so

prone, we Americans, to boast a good deal about our supremacy; about our wisdom; about our success in everything. Is this not partly done in shame over our stupendous ignorance.

What do we really know of culture? Do we ever consider our relation and behavior, one towards another? Yet does not this very relation constitute living? And what are we here for, if not to live? Does wisdom, supremacy, efficiency, wealth or greatness constitute culture; or do they alone make life worth living? We think we know a lot about it, but we don't. We say things in jest, and often carry it off because all the world jests with us. But the sting of the jest remains and we suffer for it even though we laugh. Look at our manner of meeting people—those we know and those whom we meet as strangers. Look at the way we behave in street cars; see the way we eat in restaurants or dance in public places. Somebody is being continually rubbed the wrong way. This feeling spreads, the hurt grows and becomes contagious and cankerous.

How are we going to remedy this national weakness? Why, by frankly admitting our lack of culture and by try-

ing to acquire it. It does no harm frankly to say "I want to know," especially for those of us who were born and bred in old St. Louis.

Culture of the right sort comes from associating daily with considerate, charitable and unselfish people. An automobile driver may, in my sense of the term, be as cultured as a college professor, and should be, if the United States is going to hold its place with the older nations of the world. The more we care for and surround ourselves with the beautiful things in life, the more we become beautiful. The Greeks used to say that no beautiful spirit could abide in an ugly body. In general that is so, and the more beautiful we make our environment the more beautiful shall our spirit become. I don't mean prettiness, Heavens forbid! We have had plenty of that as long as I can remember; but real beauty—that which

would put a stop to our silly chatter and self-lauding rhapsodies. We want a beauty of spirit and something that will carry us safely over the marshy places of ugliness which lie in our paths.

Mark Twain tried to hold the mirror up for us to see, but we would not. And now we must. We have had no Art in industry because we have had no Art in life. We have been quite content to buy, borrow or appropriate the art of other countries. We have cast the mantle of culture over our shoulders and have tried to swagger through the play. But the time has come for us to show our hands. There are no more cloaks to be had. The war has shot them to pieces, and we must spin, weave, fashion, design and ornament cloaks of our very own which shall tell the world that we have a place in its midst.

That is what such an exhibition is go-



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Never before has the demand for good Furs been so great as this year. Coats and Jaquettes seem to be foremost among the season's favored styles. Our array of these charming garments beggars description, but some are listed below:

Alaska Seal Coats	\$625.00 to \$1,195.00
Hudson Seal Coats	upwards \$735.00
Natural and Brown Squirrel Coats	upwards from \$439.50
Liberty Seal Coats	\$175.00 to \$397.50
Nutria Coats	\$197.50 to \$398.50
Natural Muskrat Coats	\$187.50 to \$250.00
Marmot Coats	upwards \$197.50
Mole Coats	\$335.00 to \$1,150.00

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In stunning Mole, Hudson, Seal, Jap Mink, Mink, natural and brown Squirrel, in plain models or trimmed in contrasting furs. Priced - - - \$159.50 to \$950

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In large throws, capes, stoles and fancy scarfs. Some of the throws are attractively trimmed in tails - \$87.50 to \$950

Beautiful Mole

In capes, large throws and scarfs that are most becoming. Priced - - \$59.75

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In black and taupe Lynx, black, brown, taupe, red, white and silver Fox, in large stoles, capes and throws - \$45 to \$600
Stunning Stone Marten throw of double fur - - - - - \$550



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ing to show us. It will open our eyes to our weaknesses as nothing else can. Therefore, I say let us have it for the sake of industrial advancement; yes, by all means; but let us also correlate it to our lives, to our ambitions, to our ideals. I hope that everyone will see it in this light, if not now at least after they have seen and thought. Behind every progressive step lies design, and we should design this exhibition so that there can be but one step and that—Forward.

E. H. WUERPEL.

Darwinism

St. Louis, July 21, 1919.

Editor Reedy's Mirror:

Anent Darwinism, which Mr. Byars naturally finds surprising in a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, seems to me Mr. Wilson's choice of this word to describe progress in statecraft was unfortunate, as it, of course, suggests at once the theory of the "heroic little monkey."

The statement has been made by some writer that things which God made never evolve into anything else; but that evolution is ceaselessly proceeding in fabrics and compounds of man's manufacture, in fashions and rules of man's devising.

Myself have seen the evolution of the airship, the recall, the one-piece frock; but I have noted no alteration in the twitter of the English sparrow, no decrease in size of the ears of the donkey; neither can I find convincing the instances which Darwinians produce to bolster their claim that fundamental changes in created things do gradually take place in—say a million years.

What of the great, totally unbridged gaps in the record—the "missing links" which make to lack nine hundred and ninety-nine one-thousandths of the chain? Had animals evolved as claimed, there should be chains of fossils, even of existing types, showing barely perceptible gradations from each state of progress to the next.

However, is there not unquestionably evolution in things of man's devising? I doubt if Mr. Wilson pins faith on the monkeys. But with his belief in the "survival of the fittest" in government, we surely will not quarrel, as we all, call ourselves Newtonian, Darwinian or Wilsonian, are crying for the fittest methods, the fittest procedures, the fittest laws.

WOOD WESTON.

The Difference

"The more responsibilities we have to assume, the more care we take in keeping out of trouble," remarked a California judge, recently. "Too many of us are like the chauffeur who was driving his former employer home from the club. Said the man: 'James, I notice you don't drive as fast now as you did when you were my chauffeur.' 'No, sir,' replied James; 'you see, sir, you owned that car and I own this one.'"

"Squire," asked Constable Slackputter, the well-known sleuth of Petunia, "what would you do to a feller who confessed he was driving his Ford at the rate of forty-five miles an hour?" "Fine him for exaggeration, dad-burn him," snapped old 'Squire Peavy.—*Kansas City Star*.

Wilson and Clemenceau

By Catherine Postelle

There are men who are men of destiny. They cannot be accounted for by the simple laws that adjust the lives of other men, but seem to be born in fateful hours, not a moment too late or too soon for strange unaccustomed destinies the world has not before known. It is as though they were gifted with new subtle powers that pass them readily to a high new subtle element where their breath comes readily and naturally. Such a man is Woodrow Wilson. Someone wrote an article about him called "The Mystery of Woodrow Wilson." That was in 1917. He cannot so easily be put down in black and white. Since then a new article must be written with new and more powerful adjustments.

That a man of so transparent a sincerity, of such crystalline clearness of purpose, whose whole life lies bare to the day, who long ago laid all his cards on the table, should call for any great powers of analysis to formulate, adds another perplexity to the student of the personality of President Wilson. Fresh from the press comes "President Wilson" (John Lane Co.) by Daniel Halévy, a Frenchman, who tries for an interpretation for his own country, but

who has produced a volume that will make its appeal to American readers.

M. Halévy's book gives an impression of a man going fearlessly about his own business, but his business was a world business. From his youth Wilson was obsessed by the idea of governments, and their administration on ideal lines became with him a passion. At twenty-three he wrote his "Cabinet Government," and at thirty "Congressional Government; a Study of American Politics." With radical lack of respect for that moth-eaten document, he declared, "The Constitution of the United States is false and its results absurd. It has always been expounded and circumvented by politicians. . . . It is a dispersion of energies and a concerted paralysis of power. . . . The President is a mere President of a Board of Trustees. Such is not my idea. . . . The President is at liberty both in law and conscience to be as big a man as he can be. His capacity will set the limit." Cleveland approached his ideal, "more man than partisan, with an independent will of his own, exercising his powers like a chief magistrate rather than like a party leader."

These extracts are prophecy of the future Wilson and his policies: a government founded on the great principles of truth and justice and mercy, administered with the loftiest ideal-

ism; the President not a mere head clerk, but the leader of the people, clothed with unhampered authority when the moment came for its use.

As head of one of the great universities he put these principles into austere practice; creating out of his materials a little republic; in his own words, "transforming the place where there were youngsters doing tasks into a place where there were men doing thinking, where men are conversing about things of thought, where men are eager and interested in things of thought."

Into the broader field of the governorship of New Jersey he carried his principles of idealism in government, throwing his first bomb into the camp in his speech of acceptance. "As I have been named candidate without solicitation or engagement, I shall be wholly free to serve the people and the State with entire independence."

His "entire independence" was sane and sanitary, overthrowing as it did "boss" rule and carrying out such a program of purification as drew from a Canadian this eulogy: "Mr. Wilson has shown that he is an idealist who can down politicians and get results."

It is with Wilson's foreign policy as President of the United States that M. Halévy chiefly concerns himself. To come into the Presidency was for Wood-

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THE event that, during the month of August, offers value-giving in Furs that will be impossible to duplicate later in the season. Two weeks remain in which to take advantage of the Fur Sale Prices.

Furs this season are handled with the artistry of velvet or rich silk—the soft, supple pelts are gathered into deep yokes, fashioned into dolman coats, and bloused in Russian style in the sports models.

Among coats, the box-coat styles with rolling collars, belts and deep pockets are chosen for street wear. Then there are novelty wraps for the woman who wears the unusual gracefully, and there are beautiful long coats of Hudson seal topped with squirrel, mink or skunk for the woman who prefers more conservative styles.

The excellent choice that may be made in Fur coats, and the prices prevailing during the sale, make it a buying opportunity of greatest importance.

Besides wraps, the Fur scarfs and Fur sets are shown in almost every Fur to be had, from the beautiful pieces of Russian Sable to the less expensive sets of fox and civet cat. Separate neckpieces and scarfs are being chosen—these are either the long cape scarfs or the "choker" pieces of the double-skin scarfs.

Beauty and economy are emphasized in this selling event. The Fur fashions are established for the season. This sale presents the new modes. The economy of buying Furs now will be evidenced later in the season, as the Fur market is on the upward trend. Values offered in this sale are greater than can possibly be offered later.

(Third Floor)

row Wilson to come into his own. As chief magistrate of one of the most important nations of the world all his fairest dreams of ideal government could be brought to the test; all his powers of insight, of courage, of quick and authoritative decisions, could at last be given fair play. For three years Wilson went from triumph to triumph of reform in national affairs—then came the great cataclysm. It was Clemenceau who said, "You don't know how strong a man is when he is alone," and alone Wilson has always been in the great crises which have beset him, consulting only his own genius in those

dark hours when the fate of the nation hung in the balance. As head of one of the greatest of the nations he seemed to have reached the highest altitude, but his idealism was called upon for a finer flight when all the world turned to him as its only hope. Long ago he had written, "A war of aggression is not a war in which it is a proud thing to die, but a war of service is one in which it is a grand thing to die." Out of his idealism he spoke the word that all the nations had waited for—Democracy—and for this cause, a cause of service to mankind, he entered the great world war. He becomes the

counselor of kings, the arbiter of all the nations of the earth, but he never for a moment changes the ring of his voice, "For Democracy, for the little peoples of the earth, for equality, for liberty, for justice!"

No figure in France has stood more in the limelight during the past four years than that of Georges Clemenceau, and great is the appeal of the book, "Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger of France" (D. Appleton & Co.) written by Georges LeComte, dealing as it does with the biography and personality of the great Frenchman.

For sixty years of public life M. Clemenceau has served his country with integrity and a passionate patriotism. In his young manhood he was thrown much with the peasantry of France, the workers in field and factory, and here he realized the tragedy of their lives, and here he conceived his deep respect for man and his rights. He here pledged himself to do what he could for the liberation, the education and uplift of these humble toilers. This has been one of the great underlying motives of his crowded life—the vindication of the rights of man. His devotion to his country has amounted to an obsession, but he broadly interprets what he means by his country. "To me my country is not only the soil we tread, where we build our homes, where the family is brought up. It is the community of ideas, of strong desires. It is a community of hopes, France, the great sower of ideas, of emancipation, of liberty, of justice." From his father he inherited the legacy of a mind deeply imbued with these great principles. "As for me," he says, "I declare to you plainly and without reservation that if there could be a conflict between the Republic and Liberty, it is the Republic which would be wrong and it is Liberty that I would adjudge to be right."

The whole book is a glowing tribute to this old patriot, a patriot without boasting and without violence, who demanded in the Chamber of Deputies the complete and immediate amnesty of all those condemned by the Commune; who took that protesting oath as Alsace-Lorraine passed into the hands of conquering Germany; who uttered his denunciation of military expeditions for colonial conquest; who in the crisis of Tangiers fought with such vehemence, warning Germany that France must not be treated as a vassal; who in that terrible hour of the question of Casablanca stood almost alone against the factitious demands of Germany, declaring for no compromise though all France was trembling at the threat of a new invasion.

Clemenceau was the man with the far-seeing vision, who saw long before another the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand upon the horizon, and uttered his solemn warning to France, that when she again fought it would not be for a province, but for her very existence. For this cause he pleaded. He demanded of his country that she should not be unprepared when that hour should come, and he obtained at last her consent to a three years' compulsory military service. The time came when France had to acknowledge his foresight and his wisdom. When this time came, when Germany was almost at the gates of France, Poincaré looked about him for the man who could best meet the exigencies of the hour. That man was Clemenceau. Hail to the old Vendean! The old Tiger comes to his place with nearly sixty years of experience to make this last great battle for democracy. In his war office in the Senate, walking among the poilus at the front, or leaving them and walking far ahead to laugh in the face of danger, Clemenceau has but one thought, to encourage, to help, to win.

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The woman of taste in matters of dress who prefers apparel of quiet refinement will like these first suits for autumn of 1919. Simplicity of line and exquisite tailoring are the leading characteristics—the notes of newness depending more on clever details in finish than in any decided difference in line or fabric.

The jackets are usually 36 to 38 inches in length. Occasional models have very narrow belts—but the majority are plain and long and hang in a straight unbroken line from neck to hem. The skirts are mostly plain tailored with pockets and belts that somehow manage to express various kinds of style individuality. The little more width at the hem will be welcomed by the woman who prefers freedom of motion to an extremely narrow skirt.

The materials are Silvertone, Tricotine, Tweed and a splendid collection of mannish mixtures. Handsome linings, plain and fancy, add to the quality. Prices range from

\$59.75 to \$100.

Other chic tailored and novelty suits of unusual style charm at prices ranging from

\$100 to \$350.

Third Floor



"Victory is to him who fights" is his slogan, "To the last man" is his religion.

Monsieur LeComte tells us that when the armistice duly signed was placed in the hands of this grim old soldier, this sole survivor of that oath of fealty to Alsace-Lorraine, this veteran of a long fight, who never weeps, he burst into tears. "Now I can die!" he said to his friends. But not yet. To be chief of the Council of War is great, to be chief of the greater Council of Peace is greater. At the first meeting of the League of Nations by unanimous vote M. Clemenceau is chosen President of the Peace Conference. With wise and sober discourse M. Clemenceau accepts the honorable and responsible office. "It is no longer a peace concerning greater and smaller territories which we have to make, it is no longer a peace of continents. It is a peace of peoples. There are no sacrifices to which we are not ready to consent. We shall only arrive at this great conclusion of peace by taking the broader viewpoint of greater, happier and better humanity." M. LeComte salutes M. Clemenceau in the name of France as her "Minister of Victory."

Aviation Vocabulary

New York students of the English language attribute to aerial navigation the addition of 200 words. As the average American has had in the past a speaking vocabulary of only 650 of the more than 600,000 words in the English language, the increase brought about by the airplane and airships is regarded as remarkable.

For the benefit of those yet unacquainted with the true meaning of such words as "fuselage," "nacelle," "drift," or "parasite resistance," the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association has prepared a "flying dictionary" with the aid of a report compiled by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at Washington.

"The 200 or more aeronautical words or phrases in common use on the flying fields or in the aircraft plants are strangers to the average reader," says this book. "For instance, every one, probably, has heard of the aileron, yet many may not know that the ailerons of a biplane are arranged in the trailing edges in a unique manner, causing it to respond at the slightest touch of the controls and enabling the pilot to

ignore the lateral altitude of the machine entirely.

"An aileron, to be more specific, is a bit of wing tip fixed on hinges back on the rear edge at the ends of the wings. It is controlled by wires. When moved from the pilot's seat the ailerons on one side raise and those on the other decline proportionately, thereby allowing the wind pressure against them to tip the plane to either side as desired.

"A biplane is a two-winged machine, one wing placed above the other. A majority of the American and British machines are biplanes.

"The 'trailing edge' is the rear edge of the wings. Speaking of gliding, it means not only gliding, but the angle of the path the airplane takes when it descends under the influence of gravity alone. A plane usually glides by keeping its nose fixed toward the horizon, when it will glide straightway eight miles for every mile it is above the earth, or eight in one.

"An airplane is a machine that depends for support in the air on planes or wings and the propelling power of its motors to keep it there, overcoming gravity and at the same time propelling it forward. An airship is not an airplane, but a balloon, elongated, somewhat

cigar-shaped and provided with a propelling system, car for passengers, rudders and stabilizing surfaces.

"There are three kinds of airships, the non-rigid, whose form or shape is alone maintained by the pressure of the gas inside and aided by the cables and ropes which hold the passenger car underneath. Then there is the rigid airship, or one having a stiff wood or metal framework inside the gas bag to hold its shape for it. The semi-rigid airship has a rigid metal or wood keel or spine along its under side, which holds it partly in shape, aided by the expansion of gas inside. Balloons and airships have appendices, too. The appendix is a hose leading from the bottom side of the gas bag to the car and used for inflating it, or, in the case of the old-fashioned spherical balloon, like a big rubber ball, it serves to equalize the gas pressure inside.

"An aviator is an operator or pilot of an airplane, or any heavier-than-air craft. A balloon is a lighter-than-air craft. The term 'aviator' applies to either a man or a woman who drives airplanes. The term 'fuselage' is common, yet not wholly understood. It is the body of the airplane, or the fabric-covered framework which holds the en-



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gine in front, the pilot's seat and passenger area in the center between the wings and then runs back to the tail.

"The 'tail group' is general, and it contains, besides the rudder or rudders, depending on the type of machine, elevators in a horizontal position, one on either side of the rudder, and fins which are vertical to the elevators and are fixed, forming one plane with the rudder when it is in a natural position. The controls are the wheel or 'stick' for use of the pilot in guiding his craft, the same as the wheel of an automobile or the rudder bar of a boat. A control has three uses, when in other vehicles such as the motor-car or boat only two uses can be found for it. The reason is that aviators have to contend with three dimensions. An auto or boat can travel only backward or forward, or sidewise. A plane can do these things and besides can go either up or down.

"A hangar is a shed for an airplane. An airplane also has 'dope' in large quantities. Dope is a substance resembling glue, etc., used in treating the cloth surfaces of airplanes and balloons to increase strength, produce tautness and act as a filler to maintain the air and prevent the fabric from leaking or tearing. Its base usually is cellulose. The nacelle of an airplane or dirigible is a

structure to which the wings are attached. The engine is moored and the passengers are stationed in it. A nacelle never extends back to the tail, but sometimes protrudes out on the front and holds the propeller.

"The term 'pancake' came into use during the war. It meant that an airplane, when landing, straightens out almost level with the ground, instead of diving into it. In other cases the tail is dropped lower than the nose, so that the wings catch the air and retard the force of the descent. A pontoon is a float or buoyant construction attached either under the wings of a hydroplane or flying boat or under its body to keep it afloat. When we speak in terms of speed, we mean air speed, or the relative speed of an airplane in the air, and deducting the actual speed of the air from the distance we have traveled. Ground speed is more common. If we travel from one point to another in ten minutes, making fifteen miles from A to B, we say that the ground speed was a mile and a half a minute, or ninety miles an hour. The undercarriage of a plane is the structure by which it is enabled to land; the braces and wheels, between which a skid bar is sometimes located."

Marts and Money

They had several bargain days on the Stock Exchange. Many prominent stocks fell ten to forty points. Some touched levels that would have been thought impossible two or three weeks ago, when the speculative mob was in a hot fit of bullishness. Daily totals of transfers went beyond the 2,000,000-mark. Brokers were overwhelmed with business. Their clerical forces had to work far into the night. Pessimism was intense, unmitigated for a while. All on account of Plumb's plan calling for fresh plums for the Brotherhoods, the threat of legal attacks on the five leading packing companies, and preparations for a general crusade against our principal home industry—profiteering. Strikes and rumors of strikes helped to accentuate the feeling of *malaise* and uncertainty. However, there was a perceptible change for the better after it became known that the Brotherhoods' leaders had assumed a somewhat conciliatory attitude and hinted at compromises.

The improvement in spirit became still more pronounced after hasty perusal of President Wilson's suggestions of relief. Especially interesting to Wall Street was his surprisingly bold, unequivocal challenge to those who would precipitate economic and political troubles at the present time. This is truly "refreshing," concluded the financial powers. How different from the truckling at the time of the agitation about the Adamson act, which proved so damaging to values of all railroad securities. Even the proposals respecting regulation of prices, publicity, investigations, storing, etc., elicited considerable opinionation of a favorable sort, at least provisionally. Of course one cannot reasonably expect the financial community to wax enthusiastic about "socialistic" innovations of this kind. It's quietly hoped, naturally, that the final form of remedial legislation will be fairly acceptable and insure sufficient degree of liberty in garnering net profits. All the same, we may justly regard it as a most radical, profoundly significant proposition—this Presidential demand for regulation of prices. It indicates plainly how far and rapidly we have progressed in economic revolution since April, 1914.

The hand of reconstruction is guided by the spirit of iconoclasm in all nations of the world. Latest market quotations show more or less important recoveries, ranging from one to six points in the most active quarters. American Car and Foundry common moved independently; it rose from 110 to 127 on strikingly large trading. The urgent buying was the outcome, mostly, of quite confident talk that the quarterly dividend rate would be raised in the near future. It is \$2 at present. With reference to this, it won't be amiss to repeat what I said in these columns on July 3 last: "The annual report of the American Car and Foundry Co. fulfilled anticipations. It disclosed a surplus, after charges, taxes and preferred dividends, of \$9,671,813, equivalent to \$32.23 on each share of the \$30,000,000 common stock. For the previous twelve months the amount earned was \$30.60 a share. For war taxes the company set

aside \$24,475,000. Thus the net before allowances for taxes was equivalent to \$114 on each share of common stock. Extraordinary results, these. They foreshadow a still higher value for the stock, also a fat extra dividend, perhaps. The current quotation is 110¾."

United States Rubber common is about to be placed on an 8 per cent dividend basis, after a series of violent ups and downs in the stock's quotation. The latest is 126½. This is several points under the recent absolute maximum. The stock was rated at 73 some months ago, and as low as 51 in 1918. Holders have received nothing since 1915, when \$3 was disbursed. Six per cent was paid in 1914. The company is astonishingly prosperous—almost alarmingly so. It is the principal rubber corporation in the country, and owns splendid plantations in Sumatra. The latter through control of the General Rubber Co. On December 31, 1918, the concern's total surplus stood at \$41,848,052. On the like date in 1914, the figures were \$20,005,323. Impelled, apparently, by its amazing opulence, the company plans to increase its capital stock to \$300,000,000. Of this, \$100,000,000 is to be first preferred and \$200,000,000 common stock. About \$400,000 second preferred, still outstanding, is to be retired. The original amount of this was \$10,000,000, drawing 6 per cent. The intention is to issue \$36,000,000 new common stock, making the total outstanding \$72,000,000. The remaining new capital will be kept in the treasury for a while. The Board of Directors has made announcement, also, that it contemplates an extra distribution either in cash or stock early in 1920—that is, among common shareholders. In view of all this, it is well within the probabilities that the present common stock may be selling at 150 before long.

The July statement of the United States Steel Corporation proved satisfactory. It disclosed a gain of 685,806 tons in unfilled business, as of August 1. Wall Street had expected a gain of only 500,000. July 1 the record was 5,578,661 tons. On August 1, 1918, it was 8,883,801. During July the steel ingot production of thirty companies amounted to 2,508,176 gross tons, indicating a gain of about 200,000 tons over the previous month. Owing to the strike of railway shopmen in various sections, it is believed that the August record will reveal a moderate shrinkage. The current price of steel common is several points above the low notch of 100¾, reached the other day. The high record, some weeks ago, was 115. It's hardly open to doubt that this stock will play a very conspicuous and influential part in the next bull campaign, which, according to the *on-dit* of the "Street," is to be launched at an early date.

Copper issues did not decline sensationally during the latest *de route*. The most drastic losses were established by Anaconda, Inspiration and Utah Consolidated. They averaged about eight points. The inquiry for "coppers" is temporarily checked, to some extent, by a little relapse in the metal's value, amounting to a cent a pound.

Export demand remains disappointing. It is retarded by the serious derangement in foreign exchanges. French and Italian quotations have set new abso-

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Hundreds, perhaps thousands of men and women of St. Louis are saying this to themselves daily. Maybe you have been turning this thought over in your own mind. Others have, and many have solved the problem. They decided to *save by a plan*. That is they assume that they owe, and must pay weekly a certain sum to the Mercantile Trust Company. They pay it no matter what the sacrifice—and they get ahead.

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—TO ST. CHARLES

lute minimum records. There still are predictions that sterling may slump to \$4 by and by. It is \$4.31 at this moment. Money rates are lower, as a result of liquidation and contracting demand for speculation on the long side. The situation still is perplexing and acute, however. July financing aggregated to \$380,346,695—a new high record. For the completed seven months the record is \$1,504,821,000, against \$736,638,585 for the corresponding period in 1918. Figures such as these are in harmony with existing hopes of unprecedented expansion in commercial and industrial affairs*

Finance in St. Louis.

Trading in the local financial market shows moderate shrinkage, in sympathy with unfavorable events in the market down East. Concessions in values have not been very important, though, in prominent quarters so far. Holders seem to have well prepared for adverse contingencies. Many of them have bought outright, and are, therefore, quite indifferent to downward fluctuations. Speaking in a general sense, local representative issues are not at levels indicative of preposterous inflation. In part, this is the consequence of excessive concentration of speculative attention, in recent months, upon proceedings on the New York Stock Exchange. Demand for investment issues, such as high-grade mortgage and municipal bonds, continues seasonably good, and while there may be a dull spell in the next month or two, prospects favor still better inquiry by the middle of October; for fundamental conditions are encouraging and there still are great amounts of private capital available for investment in desirable securities.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	135	135
Nat. Bank of Commerce	135 1/2	136 1/2
First Nat. Bank	219	219 1/2
United Railways 4s	54	54 1/2
St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s	53	53 1/2
E. St. L. & Sub. 5s	54	54 1/2
Fulton Iron com.	56 3/4	58
Certain-tyed com.	42 1/2	43 1/2
Ely & Walker 1st pf.	105 1/2	106 1/2
do 2d pf.	83	87
Hydraulic P. Brk. com.	10	10 1/2
do pf.	49	49 1/2
Indianoma Ref.	7 1/2	7 3/4
American Bakery com.	32	38
Best-Clymer com.	54 1/2	55 1/2
Hamilton-Brown	175	175
National Candy com.	105	105
Wagner Electric	167	167
Marland Ref.	7	7 1/2

Answers to Inquiries.

OBSERVANT, St. Louis.—(1) Lehigh Valley Railroad, quoted at 50 at this moment, is generally regarded as an investment stock rather than a speculation. The decline in value in the last five weeks—from 60 3/4 to 48—was stimulated in part by cut in the dividend and by resetting of Federal suit in Supreme Court. The present rate of \$1.75 quarterly will probably be maintained, and it would therefore seem that purchasing is justified at 46. There's no sound reason for fearing that the Government might be induced or compelled to confiscate 33 per cent of railroad values. So far as the L. V. is concerned, real value substantially surpasses capitalization. (2) Missouri Pacific should be a tempting "buy" between 26 and 27. The upward course will be resumed at a not remote date.

SUBSCRIBER, Sioux City, Ia.—You shouldn't sell your U. S. Food Products

at a material loss. No cogent reason for it. Matters will be fitly ironed out at Washington. Common sense predominates and will seek to avoid extremes calculated to upset things all around. Reduced prices should in the end advantage both consumers and producers. Stock quoted at 80 1/2, after break to 76. Sold at 88 recently. Company now is ably and conservatively managed, and financial condition is reassuring. Has lately bought, for cash, several important American and British companies manufacturing sugar and molasses. Quoted price presages satisfactory dividends.

T. A. H., Van Buren, Ark.—(1) Stick to your Willys-Overland, and get another certificate if price falls to 28. Don't get rattled by present hysterical fears and turmoil. An extensive reaction had been overdue since June 30. Time to buy is when stocks are cheap and the average outside speculator is inclined to let them alone. W.-O. will again be on the up-tack after pools have repurchased goods sold at high prices. (2) Same as regards Chino Copper. (3) American Can would be fairly safe purchase at about 43.

PIKER, Cheyenne, Wyo.—Saxon Motor is altogether speculative. The advance to 28 was chiefly of manipulative character, helped along somewhat by reports that 50 per cent of indebtedness has been paid. Readjustment of finances will probably be completed before year's close. You might get a chance to buy at 22 in the near future. Now 25 1/2.



The Heckler

Ex-President William H. Taft delights to tell of one of his maiden speeches, in which he was anything but a hero. The speaker was on that easiest of easy tasks, attacking the government, when the heckled cried out: "You're wrong, sir!" A little nettled, Taft continued without heeding. Presently, in answer to another strong assertion, came again: "You're wrong, sir!" Taft looked angry, but continued on the war-path. "You're wrong, sir!" again rang out. Angrily addressing the persistent interruptor, Taft cried: "Look here, I could tell this man something about the government that would make his hair stand on end." "You're wrong again, sir!" came from the critic, as, amid the roars of the crowd, he stood up and removed his hat. His head was a bald as a billiard ball.



For Journalists Only

The late General Booth of the Salvation Army was conducting a big meeting which lasted unusually long and toward the close a newspaper reporter left his seat and gained the aisle. General Booth pointed a finger at him and said: "Whoever leaves this auditorium will be damned by God." The reporter answered: "If I don't leave this auditorium and hurry back to my office, I'll be damned by the city editor." "God is above the city editor," retorted General Booth. "Yes, I think He is," piously responded the reporter, "but the city editor doesn't."



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